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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

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THE

FORTY-THIRD VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING THE

SECOND PART OF SWIFT.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

RIDDLES,

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS,

Written in or about the Year 1724.

I. On a Pen.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt;
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt:
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:

And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhow his reading.
Nay, man my maſter is my ſlave;
I give command to kill or ſave;
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer,
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II. On Gold.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gaudy livery dreſt!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The favourite meſſenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, conſulting ſtrove

To

To make me glorious to the fight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.
I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt,
By riding *poſt*, I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. On the POSTERIORS.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.

My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*;
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*;
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.
Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors every art inſtill.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who 's but my *caterer* and *taſter?*
Yet, though I always have my will,
I 'm but a meer *depender* ſtill;
An humble *hanger on* at beſt,
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I 'm too profuſe, ſome cenſurers cry;
And all I get, I *let it fly:*
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not charge me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,

My

My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way*.
I 'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, and firſt *a-bed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V. On a Horn.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft' in Celia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I 'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.

Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives, and, with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft' can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain.
But the ſly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

VI. On a Corkscrew.

THOUGH I, alas! a priſoner be,
My trade is priſoners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch *inſinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *ſharp*, and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;

In

In *ſcarlet* ſome, and ſome in *white*;
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the *ſpirits* paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a glaſs;
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at laſt all *ſecrets* out:
And ſtill, the more I ſhow my art,
The more they *open every heart*.
A greater chemiſt none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.
Although I 'm often *out of caſe*,
I 'm not aſham'd to ſhow my *face*.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner 's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand,
And often takes me by the *hand*.
I twice a day a *hunting* go,
Nor ever fail to *ſeize my foe*;
And, when I have him by the *pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *hole*;
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.
I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can *break*, but ſcorn to *bend*.

VII.

The GULPH of all HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.
This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vigorous youth, and aged ſire.

Behold,

Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *offerings* here.
A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulph all offerings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*;

And

And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die!
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest:
I saw them of their garments stript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
Here oft' the curious traveller finds
The combat of *opposing winds*;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws,
Why at this *cave*'s tremendous *mouth*
He feels at once both *north* and *south*;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;

Or whether, *opening all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet, from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

*LOUISA** to STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of every kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;

* This Riddle is ſolved by an Anagram.

With

With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Chloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She 'll tear me with her deſperate nails,
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For, ſhould I die for love of you,
I 'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin (a numerous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court,
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX. DE-

IX.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a *ring*;
Nor can our parson blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the *ring* is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanaticks cry,
I 'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down;
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X. On

X. On the Moon.

I WITH borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of GOD's creation,
But ſprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

XI. On a CIRCLE.

I 'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I 'm found almoſt in every garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

XII. On

XII. On Ink.

I AM jet black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I 'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar;
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to different uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I 'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats:
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

XIII. On the Five Senses.

ALL of us in one you 'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He 's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules:
He's our maſter, we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.
One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Every brother elſe repoſes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can ſmell.

XIV.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There 's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflexion,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

XV. On an Echo.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow;
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I 'm vext, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit 's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

XVI. On a Shadow in a Glass.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be ſeen;
In all things falſe, yet always true,
I 'm ſtill the ſame—but ever new.
Lifeleſs, life's perfect form I wear,
Can ſhew a noſe, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither ſmell, ſee, taſte, or hear.
All ſhapes and features I can boaſt,
No fleſh, no bones, no blood—no ghoſt;
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate,
Faſter than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and ſtrait an elf,
I 'm every one, but ne'er myſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII.

MOST things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they 're great and ſmall;
Invading foes, without reſiſtance,
With eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
Again, as I 'm diſpos'd, the foe
Will come, though not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
The greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea
Does inſtantly my power obey.
In vain from me the ſailor flies;
The quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,
And turn it as I have a mind,
And move it againſt tide and wind.
Nay, bring me here the talleſt man,
I 'll ſqueeze him to a little ſpan;
Or bring a tender child and pliant,
You 'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
Nor ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
Becauſe my magick gives no pain.

XVIII. On TIME.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
Never finding full repaſt,
Till I eat the world at laſt.

XIX. On

XIX. On the GALLOWS.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a paſſage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I 'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like Roman Generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on 't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There 's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

XX. On the VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you 'll find in jet,
T' other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

XXI. On Snow.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin:
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
I 'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;
But heavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to enſnare.
Though ſo much of Heaven appears in my make,
The fouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. On a Cannon.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I 'm chiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
For ſilver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a ſpark;
The moment I get one, my ſoul 's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

XXIII. On

XXIII. On a Pair of Dice.

WE are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone:
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. On a Candle.

TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
To Man alone I owe my birth;
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
Are all my parents more than he.
I, a virtue ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And myſelf, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like ſots, alone I 'm dull enough,
When dos'd with ſmoak, and ſmear'd with ſnuff;
But, in the midſt of mirth and wine,
I with double luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Poliſh'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greateſt grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.

Emblem

Emblem of a monarch old,
Wiſe, and glorious to behold;
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the baſhful dame,
That in ſecret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the ſecrets of her heart.
Various is my bulk and hue;
Big like Beſs, and ſmall like Sue;
Now brown and burniſh'd as a nut,
At other times a very ſlut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like Flora deck'd with various flowers;
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dreſs,
Greater be my ſize or leſs,
Swelling be my ſhape or ſmall,
Like thyſelf I ſhine in all.
Clouded if my face is ſeen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-ſick maid,
Steel affords me preſent aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft' revives my drooping head:
Yet I periſh in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;

Die

Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe ;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn ;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot ;
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide :
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm ;
Though ſometimes, they ſay, I bewitch and do harm.
Though cold, I inflame ; and though quiet, invade ;
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirrour I 'll ſhew you his face :
Nay, if you 'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They 'il tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers ſafe in my circle I dwell ;
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell.
Though my magick is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in You.

ANSWERED

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes is ſtrained through glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, ſet it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magick,
Which you ſay it can kill or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound, and revive above ground,
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, ſince it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice ſuch, it cries at a touch:
'Tis a perfect milkſop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm it of every charm.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;

Expos'd

Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhowers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh,
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood,
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You 'll be no more the former *you*;

But

But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices *o'quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you 're out of caſe:
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquire in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We 'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,

Call

Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I 'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And, if the Muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits, with his ſcythe, to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;

That

That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
I 'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimmiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I 'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *ſight!*

AN EPIGRAM
ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But, when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE.

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:

And the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

AS when of old ſome ſorcereſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her *ſilver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic ſtyle,
The moon is *ſilver* all this while).
So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician*,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment† of prodigious ſize;

* A great lady was ſaid to have been bribed by Wood.

† The patent for coining half-pence.

Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears ;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil :
And, when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood*-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears :
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone*.
The louſe of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,

* He was in gaol for debt.

She

She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.
The next is an inſect we call a *wood*-worm,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch;
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a dead-watch,
Becauſe like a watch it always cries *click*:
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick;
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click* when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now, ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to to ſcald him.
For which operation there 's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps** in a cauldron of oil.
Then chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear 's at an end with the death of the maggot.

* Counterfeit half-pence.

On WOOD the Iron-monger. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-ſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep;
Among a crew of royſtering fellows
Would ſit whole evenings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;

They

They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper;
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts,
Miſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better)
Which, lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

Being an excellent NEW SONG, ſuppoſed to be made, and ſung in the ſtreets of DUBLIN, by WILLIAM WOOD, Iron-monger and Halfpenny-monger.

1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my half-pence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They 'll give you delight;
Obſerve how they gliſten and ſhine!

They 'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither, and try ;
I 'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing :
Come ; three-pence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge*.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By night and by day for to rob him :
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your ſhoes ;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here 's half-pence in plenty,
For one you 'll have twenty,
Though thouſands are not worth a pudden :
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I 'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade† :

* The Drapier's printer.
† Two famous bankers.

For

For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you 'll be all of a trade.

I 'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG
ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come liſten with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I 'll chuſe to be wiſer than witty.
Which nobody can deny.

The Half-pence are coming, the nation's undoing.
There 's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing:
In ſhort, you muſt all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
Will ſuffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he muſt run away.
Which, &c.

When he pulls out his two-pence, the Tapſter ſays not,
That ten times as much he muſt pay for his ſhot;
And thus the poor Soldier muſt ſoon go to pot.
Which, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and raſcal, and ſo kick and cuff.
Which, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier muſt be mortal foes;
One cuts off an ear, and the other a noſe.
Which, &c.

The Butcher is ſtout, and he values no ſwagger;
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue ſleeve may give ſuch a cuff as may ſtagger.
Which, &c.

The Beggars themſelves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are ſunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they muſt live on their lice.
Which, &c.

The Squire poſſeſs'd of twelve thouſand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houſe-room, I fear.
Which, &c.

Though at preſent he lives in a very large houſe,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouſe;
But the Squire 's too wiſe, he will not take a ſouſe.
Which, &c.

The

The Farmer, who comes with his rent in this caſh,
For taking theſe counters, and being ſo raſh,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himſelf and his traſh.
Which, &c.

For, in all the leaſes that ever we hold,
We muſt pay our rent in good ſilver and gold,
And not in braſs tokens of ſuch a baſe mold.
Which, &c.

The wiſeſt of Lawyers all ſwear, they will warrant
No money but ſilver and gold can be current;
And, ſince they will ſwear it, we all may be ſure on 't.
Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it would be very ſtrange
To give current money for baſe in exchange,
Like a fine lady ſwapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we muſt ſay that his Majeſty 's kind.
Which, &c.

Now God bleſs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I 'm ſure, by his book, that the writer is wiſe;
He ſhews us the cheat, from the end to the riſe.
Which, &c.

Nay, farther he ſhews it a very hard caſe,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.

That

That he and his half-pence ſhould come to weigh down
Our ſubjects ſo loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book againſt Mr. Wood's;
If you ſtand true together, he 's left in the ſuds.
Which, &c.

Ye ſhop-men, and trades-men, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my ſoul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there 's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM
UPON WILLIAM WOOD,
Braſier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Eſquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preſerve them from ſlaughter,
To be *hewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of water.
Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;
Yet we all ſhould rejoice to be *hewers of Wood*.
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue ſo *obſcure* ſhould make ſuch a clutter:
But ancient Philoſophers wiſely remark,
That old rotten *Wood* will ſhine in the *dark*.
The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:
But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;
Their Gods were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil*.

To

To cut down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;
And yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
Then, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good ſtore,
Our money to keep, let us *cut down one more*.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently ſtood
(I forget in what church) an image of *Wood*.
Concerning this image there went a prediction,
It would burn a whole *foreſt*; nor was it a fiction.
'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,
To burn an old Friar, one *Foreſt* by name.
My tale is a wiſe one, if well underſtood:
Find you but the *Friar*; and I 'll find the *Wood*.

I hear, among ſcholars there is a great doubt
From what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his ſpeech;
And ſaid, *By my ſhoul, he 's the ſon of a* BEECH.
Some call him a *Thorn*, the curſe of the nation,
As *Thorns* were deſign'd to be from the creation.
Some think him cut out from the poiſonous *Yew*,
Beneath whoſe ill ſhade no plant ever grew.
Some ſay he 's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
For none but a *dunce* would come under his *rod*.
But I 'll tell you the ſecret; but pray do not blab;
He is an old ſtump cut out of a *Crab*;
And England has put this *Crab* to a hard uſe,
To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
And therefore his *witneſſes* juſtly may boaſt,
That none are more properly knights of the *Poſt*.

I ne'er could endure my talent to ſmother;
I told you one tale, and I 'll tell you another.

A joiner,

A joiner, to faſten a ſaint in a *nitch*,
Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech,
But, finding the *ſtatue* to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *true ſaint*.
When the *true Wood* arrives, as he ſoon will, no doubt,
(For that 's but a ſham *Wood* they carry about*)
What *ſtuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the ſame trial, and *bore* him *behind*.
I 'll hold you a groat, when you *twinble* his *bum*,
He 'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.
From me, I declare, you ſhall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may ſhew him about for a new *groaning-board*.
Hear one ſtory more, and then I will ſtop.
I dreamt *Wood* was told he ſhould die by a *drop*;
So methought he reſolved no liquor to taſte,
For fear the *firſt drop* might as well be his *laſt*.
But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham†.
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very ſoon to ſee *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.
How he! and how we, at each other ſhould grin!
'Tis kindneſs to hold a friend up by the chin.
But ſoft! ſays the Herald; I cannot agree;
For *metal* on *metal* is falſe Heraldry.
Why, that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
I 'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

† Their place of execution.

TO

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719*, 9 at night.

SIR,

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain Engliſh, tell us ſo?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit with the ladies† this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here; I ſhould have miſſed the letter out-right.

Truly I don't know who 's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

* This is probably dated too early.

† Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon.

I wiſh

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St. Catharine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour:

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wiſh, when you prated, your letter you 'd dated:
Much plague it created. I ſcolded and rated;
My ſoul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the caſe I have ſtated;
And me you have cheated. My ſtable 's unſlated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wiſh you tranſlated,
For teazing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley deſires me ſingly
Her ſervice to preſent you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon madam is grown a ſad dame,
For want of converſe, and cannot ſend one verſe.

3 P. S.

You keep ſuch a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I ſee the ſum total, we ſhall ne'er have a bottle;

The

The long and the ſhort, we ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I 'd be glad of a knoggin:
But I doubt 'tis a ſham; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of ſhine a month moon-full, you won't part with a ſpoonful;
And I muſt be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor ſupernaculum;
Though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with ſcorn rejecting ſmoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah* toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

* The name of an Iriſh ſervant.

The

The BLESSINGS of a COUNTRY-LIFE. 1725.

FAR from our debtors; no Dublin letters;
Not ſeen by our betters.

The PLAGUES of a COUNTRY-LIFE.

A companion with news; a great want of ſhoes;
Eat lean meat, or chuſe; a church without pews.
Our horſes aſtray; no ſtraw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all ſervants at play.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I 'D have you to know, as ſure as you 're Dean,
On Thurſday my caſk of O'brien I 'll drain:
If my wife is not willing, I ſay ſhe 's a quean;
And my right to the cellar, egad, I 'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain:
Go tell it her over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, ſhould it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;
And then I ſhould be as ſtupid as Kain,
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.
Now Wardel 's in haſte, and begins to complain;
Your moſt humble ſervant, Dear Sir, I remain,

T. S—N.

Get Helſham, Walmſley, Delany,
And ſome Grattans, if there be any*:
Take care you do not bid too many.

* *i. e.* in Dublin, for they were country-clergy.

DR.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgement, exceedingly fine;
And I muſt confeſs, as a dean and divine,
I think you inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line,
And the worſt of them all like a barn-door did ſhine.
Oh, that Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
With Delany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked deſign;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
You would really on Thurſday leave St. Catharine*,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a ſwine;
With me you 'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie ſleeping ſupine:
So I wiſh you were toothleſs, like Lord Maſſerine.
But, were you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
I wiſh you would tell me which way you incline.
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thurſday I 'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In ſquare, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine:
I hope you have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
As much as the Liffee 's outdone by the Rhine;

* The ſeat of Lady Mountcaſhel, near Dublin.

And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aquiline.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyne:
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a *paſquine*.

A PORTRAIT
FROM THE LIFE.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſewife in bed, at table a flattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas*, Ford†, Grattan‡, and merry Dan‖,
Has this any likeneſs to good madam Sheridan?

* Dr. Thomas Sheridan.
† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq.
‡ Reverend John Grattan.
‖ Reverend Daniel Jackſon.

UPON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour-door:
For, ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound?
Then ſleep, my friend; dear dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he 's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens* and ſix-pence ha'penny.

* A ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen-pence in Ireland.

To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut—
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the lady* at St. Catharine's
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham†,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

THE STORM:
MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He 'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal Horte,
And ſhe would kindly thank him for 't:
A wretch! whom Engliſh rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the biſhop lov'd a whore,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beſide.

* Lady Mountcaſhel.

† Agmondiſham Veſey, eſq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great eſteem.

At

At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench:
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She 'll not have left one single prelate;
For, to say truth, she did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—" Great sovereign of the main,
" To drown him all attempts are vain;
" Horte can assume more forms than I,
" A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
" Can creep or run, or fly or swim;
" All motions are alike to him:
" Turn him adrift, and you shall find
" He knows to sail with every wind;
" Or, throw him overboard, he 'll ride
" As well against, as with the tide.
" But, Pallas, you 've apply'd too late;
" For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
" That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
" And who but Horte can be employ'd?
" You need not then have been so pert,
" In sending Bolton* to Clonfert.

* Afterwards archbishop of Cashell.

" I found you did it, by your grinning;
" Your buſineſs is, to mind your ſpinning.
" But how you came to interpoſe
" In making biſhops, no one knows:
" Or who regarded your report;
" For never were you ſeen at court.
" And if you muſt have your petition,
" There 's Berkeley* in the ſame condition:
" Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt,
" If one muſt drown, the other muſt;
" But, if you 'll leave us biſhop Judas,
" We 'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
" Now, if 'twill gratify your ſpight,
" To put him in a plaguy fright,
" Although 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
" You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.
" You 'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn
" (And every moment take a dram)
" His ghaſtly viſage with an air
" Of reprobation and deſpair:
" Or elſe ſome hiding-hole he ſeeks,
" For fear the reſt ſhould ſay he ſqueaks;
" Or, as Fitzpatrick† did before,
" Reſolve to periſh with his whore;
" Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
" And, but for ſhame, would ſay his prayers.

* Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards biſhop of Cloyne.

† Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great ſtorm.

" Or,

" Or, would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
" Relaxing downwards in a ſtink?
" If ſuch a ſight as this can pleaſe ye,
" Good madam Pallas, pray be eaſy,
" To Neptune ſpeak, and he 'll conſent;
" But he 'll come back the knave he went."
The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope
That Horte was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be ſcar'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH, heavenly-born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore

Obſtructed and depreſs'd;
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſwift Philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So,

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
  Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound
  And petrifying ſong.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
  Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on your approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the graveſt of Divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
  Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.

Were

Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent;
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your generous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glittering dreſs;

That

That patience under tottering pain,
Where ſtubborn ſtoicks would complain;
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no mark behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have died.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.

O then,

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft' I owe
That I 'm alive to tell you so.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphrased, and inscribed to IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a-while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style:

UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.

Lost

Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors, on either ſide.
Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *eaſtern* wind.
Your cable 's burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in the public cauſe
His pen, to ſave a ſinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-ſail;
Till power, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in popular breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
There 's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;

Her

Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.
In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and ſattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.
Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with every ſudden guſt;
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware; and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

VERSES

VERSES

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL,

NEAR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN. 1726.

BY holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite iſle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy* o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remoteſt parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos†, with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd two thouſand years before.
Thee, happy iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown‡:

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his miſſion; and becauſe he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by ſcripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. IRISH ED.

† Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, ſays, that Jaſon, who manned the ſhip Argos at Theſſaly, ſailed to Ireland. IRISH ED.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, ſays, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than thoſe of Britain. IRISH ED.

From

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize:
Their dreſs, their language, and the Scottiſh *name*,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came*.
Well may they boaſt that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons†,

A con-

* The argument here turns on, what the author of courſe took for granted, the preſent Scots being the deſcendants of Iriſh emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time aſcertained with any degree of preciſion. Ireland, even to this day, "remains ſuperſtitiouſly devoted to her ancient hiſtory," and "wraps herſelf in the gloom of her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has diſplayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious ſubject, both in his "Hiſtory of Mancheſter," and in "The Genuine Hiſtory of the Britons aſſerted." N.

† "The Scots (ſays Dr. Robertſon) carry their pretenſions "to antiquity as high as any of their neighbours. Relying upon "uncertain legends, and the traditions of their bards, ſtill more "uncertain, they reckon up a ſeries of kings ſeveral ages *before* "the birth of Chriſt, and give a particular detail of occurrences "which happened in their reigns. In the beginning of the ſix-"teenth century, John Major and Hector Boëthius publiſhed "their Hiſtories of Scotland; the former a ſuccinct and dry "writer, the latter a copious and florid one; and both equally "credulous. Not many years after, Buchanan undertook the "ſame work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been in any

A conqueſt and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt:
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid*,
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle!
Not by thy valour, but ſuperior guile:
Britain, with ſhame, confeſs this land of mine
Firſt taught thee human knowledge and divine†;

" any degree equal to the elegance of his taſte, and to the purity " and vigour of his ſtyle, his hiſtory might be placed on a level " with the moſt admired compoſitions of the ancients. But, in- " ſtead of rejecting the improbable tales of Chronicle-writers, he " was at the utmoſt pains to adorn them, and hath cloathed with " all the beauties and graces of fiction thoſe legends which for- " merly had only its wildneſs and extravagance."—On the authority of Buchanan and his predeceſſors the hiſtorical part of this poem ſeems founded, as well as the notes ſigned IRISH ED. ſome of which, I believe, were written by the Dean himſelf. N.

* In the reign of King Henry II, Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinſter, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the Engliſh over as auxiliaries, and promiſed Richard Strangbow, earl of Pembroke, his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became poſſeſſed of all Leinſter. IRISH ED.

† St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the converſion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius

and

My prelates and my ſtudents, ſent from hence,
Made your ſons converts both to God and ſenſe:
Not like the paſtors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I ſee
The fatal changes Time hath made on thee!
The Chriſtian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy ſons I found,
Who now in vice and ſlavery are drown'd.
By faith and prayer, this croſier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd ſerpent from thy land;
The ſhepherd in his bower might ſleep or ſing*,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor ſcorpion's ſting.
With omens oft' I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I ſent the magpie from the Britiſh ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil,
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.

and others. And, as biſhop Nicholſon obſerves, Ireland ſoon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Weſtern Chriſtians, as well as the Engliſh, had recourſe, not only for inſtructions in the principles of religion, but in all ſorts of literature, *viz.* *Legendi et ſcholaſticæ eruditionis gratiâ.* IRISH ED.

* There are no ſnakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a ſhort time before; and the Norway rats ſince. IRISH ED.

What

What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in biſhops' geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here;
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate?
As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!
See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offſpring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.
Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here, from the neighbouring* nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my ſpring their Hippocrene.
Diſcourag'd youths! now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;

* The Univerſity of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. IRISH ED.

Or, for the claſſicks, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! that I had been apoſtle to the Swiſs,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt:
Now fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons (the time is juſt at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the uſe of no Hibernian born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells and leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords afford thee braſs*.
But all turn leaſers to that †mongrel breed,
Who, from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.
I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

* Wood's ruinous project in 1724. IRISH ED.

† The abſentees, who ſpent the income of their Iriſh eſtates, places, and penſions, in England. IRISH ED.

ON

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A miniſter* ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he† who in the chair preſides
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in the glorious ſcheme:
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?
No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Juſtice ſhines,
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines;
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† Sir Spencer Compton, then ſpeaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

For ſuch is good example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lyes:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I aſk (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage:
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With every vice hath fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe *claſſicks* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate:
If law be ſuch a partial whore,
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curſt?

THE

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I 'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhall then be more villain than you 're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread;
You 'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be ſpent!
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I 'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come, ſilly people to chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who 'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

A D V I C E
TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing *Pope;
And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated tranſlation of Homer (preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum) is almoſt entirely written on the covers of letters, and ſometimes between the lines of the letters themſelves. N.

TO

TO A LADY,

Who desired the AUTHOR to write some Verses upon her in the Heroic Style.

Written at LONDON in 1726.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t' ye;
I can solve the diffi—culty.
You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;

How

How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But it was decreed by fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth inſtill'd,
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they center,
Nor will let your leſſons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heireſs,
Dreſt like any Lady Mayoreſs,
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day—
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my caſe at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paltry, burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor Parliament can 'ſcape you;

Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuſe;
Not to publiſh every trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all our *modern* dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſleer and gibe?
Who with leſs deſigning ends
Kindlier entertains their friends;
With good words, and countenance ſprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diverſion:
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt aſperſion:

Never

Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to doſe my head like *laudanum*.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Paſs our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure;
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you muſt reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.
Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Anſwer all domeſtic ends;
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging ſway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a ſmile;
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtyle;
Load our plates from every diſh;
This is not the thing we wiſh.
Colonel —— may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.

You

You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it *tasting* and *imbibing*:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us:
To discourse and to attend,
Is to *help* yourself and friend.
Conversation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to every guest,
Than he 's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instill?
To conclude this long essay;
Pardon, if I disobey;
Nor, against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.

I,

I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate:
And I find it answers right;
Scorn torments them more than spight.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Where I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon*?
When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what *golden* rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:

* This poem, for an obvious reason, has been mutilated in many editions. N.

Safe

Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them, if I could):
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pulteney deep, accompliſh'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſome,
Strip their bums; let *Caleb hoiſe 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts! you 'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your ſtation;
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit; and anſwer thus:

* Caleb D'Anvers was the name aſſumed by Amhurſt, the oſtenſible writer of The Craftſman. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obſcurity. N.

If

If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on *Blueſkins.
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude, *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on: for, as
It is well obſerv'd by †Horace,
Ridicule hath greater power
To reform the world, than four.
Horſes thus, let jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets the mind elope;

* The famous thief, who, whilſt on his trial at the Old Bailey, ſtabbed Jonathan Wild. N.

† "Ridiculum acri, &c." Drives

Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake, as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.
I ſhould make a figure ſcurvy,
And your head turn topſy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at ſenate-houſe and king;
That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhew their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault);
Would you have me change my ſtyle?
On your faults no longer ſmile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's uſe?
If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put-in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.

You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found;
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.
Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You would ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my Muſe:
Should I lofty numbers chooſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop;
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart awhile:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?
Thus we both ſhall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

A YOUNG

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND. 1726.

BLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the ſwelling ſails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident ſtrong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the roſe in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently waſh'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull aſleep
Ruffling ſtorms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous ſtate,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer ſtay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haſte of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Luſcious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inſpiring juſt delight;

All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head;
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bless once more,
Bless again thy native shore;
Bless again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose,
Because hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I 'm strolling Dublin up and down;

While

While you converſe with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at eaſe,
I chooſe companions as I pleaſe.
I 'd rather have one ſingle ſhelf
Than all my friends, except yourſelf;
For, after all that can be ſaid,
Our beſt acquaintance are the dead.
While you 're in raptures with Fauſtina*;
I 'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are ſtarving there in ſtate,
I 'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You ſay, when with thoſe lords you dine,
They treat you with the beſt of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why ſo can we, as well as they.
No reaſon then, my dear good Dean,
But you ſhould travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find ſuch folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would ſhare
But half the wit that you can ſpare,
I 'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You 'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather 's good, our ſky is clear;
We 've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and ſo bright a ſky
Was never ſeen by Ireland's eye!

* Signora Fauſtina, a famous Italian ſinger.

I think it fit to let you know,
This week I ſhall to Quilca go;
To ſee M'Fayden's horny brothers
Firſt ſuck, and after bull their mothers;
To ſee, alas! my wither'd trees!
To ſee what all the country ſees!
My ſtunted quicks, my famiſh'd beeves,
My ſervants ſuch a pack of thieves;
My ſhatter'd firs, my blaſted oaks,
My houſe in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a ſingle ſnail,
My turnips, carrots, parſnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green ſprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horſes rid, or gone aſtray;
My fiſh all ſtol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry ſtarv'd, the corn all ſold.
A man, come now from Quilca, ſays,
"*They* 've* ſtol'n the locks from all your keys:"
But, what muſt fret and vex me more,
He ſays, "*They* ſtole the keys before.
"*They* 've ſtol'n the knives from all the forks;
"And half the cows from half the ſturks."
Nay more, the fellow ſwears and vows,
"*They* 've ſtol'n the ſturks from half the cows:"

* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is ſtolen, if you enquire of a ſervant about it, the anſwer is, "*They* have ſtolen it." FAULKNER.

With

With many more accounts of woe.
Yet, though the devil be there, I 'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reaſon 's clear,
Becauſe I 've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whoſe verſes far his rays out-ſhine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I diſoblige you, Dean,
Should you compaſſion ſhow.

Take thoſe Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To ſinge your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
The next time when you have a feaſt;
They 'll ſave you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free conſent,
To ſink them in the harbour:
If not, they 'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twiſt in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your phyſick take,
I muſt intreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I 've done myſelf before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the ſtrong purſue,
A gooſe attack a ſwan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her huſband's hands and face aſſail,
While he 's no longer man.

Though ſome, we find, are more diſcreet,
Before the world are wondrous ſweet,
And let their huſbands hector:
But, when the world 's aſleep, they wake,
That is the time they chooſe to ſpeak;
Witneſs the curtain-lecture.

Such was the caſe with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your Muſe (my midnight curſe,
When I engag'd for better for worſe),
You ſcolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field;
To you, as to my wife, I yield:
As ſhe muſt wear the breeches;
So ſhall you wear the laurel-crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

November 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, ſhe 'd give it ye:
She choſe a thread of greateſt length,
And doubly twiſted it for ſtrength;
Nor will be able with her ſhears
To cut it off theſe forty years.
Then who ſays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca ſhews they 're out in that.
For ſhe, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout ſhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout, that will prolong his days;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca 's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-ſtander;

And

And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholſome exerciſe.
Thus nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whenever it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger* has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger flabbering in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair!
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tiger's barking!
And when ſhe 's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that may pleaſe her better!
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding or a chriſtening,
To teach her ears the art of liſtening.

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog. See next page.

And

And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there ſhall be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY ſteal me not; I 'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Moſt of them written in 1726.

I. On a Window at an Inn.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips, in purſuit of health;
From generous wines and coſtly fare,
And doſing in an eaſy chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And every where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in every face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have her in full view.

II. At

II. At an Inn in England.

THE glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

III. Another.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

IV. At Chester.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour;
The beer and the ale,
Are mingled with ſtale;
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

V. Another,

V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD*.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I 'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
While you 're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

VII. Another, written upon a WINDOW where there was no WRITING before.

THANKS to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paltry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

* Theſe verſes are ſigned J— K—, but written, as it is preſumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

VIII. On

VIII. On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS at INNS.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confest;

His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

X. ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I 'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil 's a damnable poet.

TO

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
She has got but half a face:
Janus, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward ſight?
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor *Iſle's approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I 'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he 's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burniſhes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille.
I 'll have youth and beauty ſtill.

* Ireland.

A PAS-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

Written after the News of the *King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the Crown. It was uſually granted by the Crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Counteſs of Suffolk, and groom of the ſtole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-houſe. Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN ſpite of Pope, in ſpite of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay,
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

* George I. who died after a ſhort ſickneſs by eating a melon, at Oſnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and read to King George II. and Queen Caroline.

Laſt

Laſt Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You 'll find it ſoon by woeful proof;
She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But he 's now grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling,
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.

Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſters' *fall*;
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall* becauſe our maſters *riſe*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he 'll be poor as any *king*;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he 's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.

We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *reverence* and her *highneſs* walking:
Whilſt lady Charlotte*, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont† at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more 's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte,
To fit them to his vulgar taſte:
Chang'd for the worſe in every part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd-head:
Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then ſhall I be free from fears,
For he 'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's:
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody* for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the *Dog and partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs—and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the ſame to you.

* The gardener.

DESIRE

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what different thoughts inſpire
In men, Poſſeſſion and Deſire!
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Poſſeſſion, and Deſire his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew;
Till, entering on a broad high-way,
Where *power* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;

And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.
Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tower of monſtrous height,
Where on the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Deſire in rapture gaz'd awhile,
And ſaw the treacherous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.
Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

ON

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wife, inſtruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the power to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lye;
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are ſtrong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lyes
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.
The moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A SET of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet-coat;
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in ſtore
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;

Improving

Improving hourly in her ſkill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chooſing lace, a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity.
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory four;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;

And, to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topicks from the Tories draws.
O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. Harding*;
She 'll pay the charges to a farthing;
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may out-ſell a better thing:
So, halloo, boys; God ſave the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH

GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
He ſtopt at The George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry riband to tye 't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, "Lack-a-day! he 's a proper young man!"
But, as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
And, when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd lye!"
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer. N.

Then

Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little;
But I 'll ſee you all damn'd before I will *whittle.
My honeſt friend †Wild may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without prayer-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different ſtudies chuſe:
The Dean ſits plodding on a book;
Pope walks, and courts the Muſe.

Now backs of letters‡, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

* A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.

‡ An alluſion ao the ſingularity mentioned p. 72. N.

Each

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a Poem riſe!

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock* thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

BY Poets we are well aſſur'd
That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd:*
A complicated heap of *ills,*
Deſpiſing *boluses* and *pills.*

* The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the biſhop. N.

Ah!

Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since firſt I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
I ſtrain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
Now jealouſy my *grumbling tripes*
Aſſaults with grating, grinding *gripes*.
When pity in thoſe eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *ſpew*.
When I an amorous kiſs deſign'd,
I *belch'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle ſigh let fall;
Remember how I *ſuck'd* it all:
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*;
And loathſome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen ſtains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguiſh'd *thirſt*,
Small-beer I *guzzle* till I *burſt*:
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a *dropſy*, like a porpoiſe;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *ſtale*,
I muſt be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would viſit Market-hill;
Our invitation was but ſlight:
I ſaid—Why let him, if he will;
And ſo I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Leſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected;
And ſo we ſaw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day ſucceeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a ſoul would have him ſtay.

I 've ſaid enough to make him bluſh,
Methinks, or elſe the devil 's in 't;
But he cares not for it a ruſh,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he ſtays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaiſe.

Or you may ſay—My wife intends,
Though I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite ſome friends;
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or,

Or, Mr. Dean—I ſhould with joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill;
But we muſt go to *Aghnacloy,
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The houſe accounts are daily riſing;
So much his ſtay doth ſwell the bills;
My deareſt life, it is ſurpriſing
How much he eats, how much he ſwills.

His brace of puppies how they ſtuff!
And they muſt have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horſes too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow-face, and wainſcot-paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him ſoon give up the cauſe!

Muſt I be every moment chid
With †Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this inſulting Tyrant Dean!

On a very old GLASS at MARKET-HILL.

FRAIL glaſs! thou bear'ſt that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us firſt ſhall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'ſt die, like me, by chance; but muſt by nature.

* The ſeat of Acheſon Moore, Eſq.

† The Dean uſed to call Lady Acheſon by thoſe names.

ON

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL*.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from Satyrs ſate and ſung.

Sir Archibald†, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and liſten with delight;
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

* A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the Knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the abſence of Sir Arthur, who was of courſe highly incenſed, nor would ſee Swift for ſome time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the deſired effect. N.

† Sir Archibald Acheſon, ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland.

(Sir

(Sir Archibald, whoſe favourite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's lord*.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd, gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion, ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chattering with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouſe and warn the nymph within.

* Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte, with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trolled forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meaſly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murderer's ears;
And, in a ſhrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
My kindred oft' thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft' be torn.

" And thy confederate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with every brier.

" Nor

" Nor thou, lord Arthur*, ſhalt eſcape;
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain:

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo
" (An old retainer to your houſe):

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?

" Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
" Through all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

" And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
" To hack my hallow'd timber down;

" When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody caitif! think on me.

Sir Arthur Acheſon.

CANTATA*.

IN harmony would you excell,
Suit your words to your muſic well;
For Pegaſus runs every race
By galloping high, or level pace,
Or ambling, or ſweet Canterbury,
Or with a down, a high down derry.
No victory he ever got
By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
No Muſe harmonious entertains
Rough, roiſtering, ruſtic, roaring ſtrains.
Nor ſhall you twine the crackling bays
By ſneaking, ſniveling roundelays.
Now ſlowly move your fiddle-ſtick;
Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;

* This Cantata is printed with the muſic in all the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, after cenſuring the practice of what he calls "illicit imitation," obſerves, that "this abuſe of "a noble art did not eſcape the ſatire of Swift; who, though "deaf to the charms of muſic, was not blind to the abſurdity of "muſicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious "gentleman of Ireland, to compoſe a Cantata in ridicule of this "puerile mimicry. Here we have *motions* imitated, which are "the moſt inharmonious, and *ſounds* the moſt unmuſical.—In a "word, Swift's Cantata may convince any perſon, that muſic, "if only imitative, would be ridiculous." N.

Now

Now trembling, ſhivering, quivering, quaking,
Set hoping hearts of Lovers aching.
Fly, fly, above the ſky,
Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, galloping.
Now ſweep, ſweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true Lovers' eyes
Weeping ſleep, Sleeping weep,
Weeping ſleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

EPITAPH

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly ſerv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were ſcarce.

Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What ſignifies to cry?
Dickys enough are ſtill behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S*
LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man ſee
A wretch like poor
Nancy,
So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe†:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never ſtops
When he opens his chops;
I 'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I ſate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.
If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs;

* Lady Acheſon.

† See p. 55.

I cannot

I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all Squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt, out of ſpite:
For I 'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid,
I was better for him
In ſtomach or limb.

But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He 's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with pleaſure.

Next for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces:
From ſhoulder to flank
I 'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.

Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He 'll ſwear ſhe 's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;

Which

Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature;
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflexion
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.
I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes:
What, Madam! No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You 're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
" That filly old puſs
Would fain be like us.
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of ſixteen;
I 'll ſhew you the way:
Read ſix hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my ſin.
At breakfaſt he 'll aſk
An account of my taſk.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Eſſays,
And pore every day on
That naſty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But,

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or prayer.
He 's all the day ſauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who 's maſter, who 's man;
Who makes the beſt figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzacks and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And beaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shews all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applauſe;
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!

A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! how we laugh
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;
Or run helter-ſkelter
To his arbor, for ſhelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on 't,
I ſmell when I tread on 't.
Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmſley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it ſo,
That I 'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;

No

No Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chooſe thoſe);
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To eaſe a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.

So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen!
May Walmſley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three ſpouſes
Let you lie at friends' houſes!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT. SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and ſwain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of * Gosford Knight;
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muſe, in ſweetly-flowing ſtrain
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part;
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again: but, oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg ſhall rake
(I ſpare the thiſtles for Sir Arthur's* ſake).
Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear backſide:
Nor need I bluſh; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt:
†Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

* Who was a great lover of Scotland.

† Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT,

DERMOT.

When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
You ſate and lous'd him all a ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch theſe naſty ſluts?
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt 's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and every louſe was gold;
Him on my lap you never more ſhall ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

Oh, could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of *brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where Norah with the ſowins comes—
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

* Shoes with flat low heels.

ON

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE*,

WITH THE DOCTOR† AT THEIR HEAD.

N.B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks;

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I 'll hold a groat,
He 'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They 'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

* An alehouſe in Dublin, famous for beef-ſteaks.

† Dr, Thomas Sheridan.

And

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met to together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Shall be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits chooſe gallants!

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I 'd knock the Doctor down:
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I 'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch*;
And at The Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I 'll treat you with burgundy.

* Dr. Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE BEAU

With the Wig and Wings at his Head.

YOU little ſcribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We 'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We 're ſure a ſingle Parſon
Is worth an hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grizette;

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and ſwear 'tis true,
There 's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPL

TO THE

FIVE LADIES' ANSW

WHY, how now, dapper Black!
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tiſdall* ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do 't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who had made poſals of marriage to Stella.

THE

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 1728.

SIR,

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:

The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling Muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſate all night up at quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codille!*
"Depend upon 't, I never will.

"But

" But run to Tom, and bid him fix
" The ladies here to-night by ſix."
" Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
" He ſays, " His buſineſs is to know
" If you 'll redeem the ſilver cup
" He keeps in pawn?"—" Firſt, ſhew him up."
" Your dreſſing-plate he 'll be content
" To take, for intereſt *cent. per cent.*
" And, Madam, there 's my lady Spade
" Hath ſent this letter by her maid."
" Well, I remember what ſhe won;
" And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles,
" My huſband left to pay for coals:
" I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
" And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
" She ſlipt *ſpadillo* in her breaſt,
" Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
" There 's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
" And to each other give the ſign."
Through every game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:

" Obſerve this pattern; there 's a ſtuff;
" I can have cuſtomers enough.
" Dear madam, you are grown ſo hard—
" This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
" Madam, if there be truth in man,
" I never ſold ſo cheap a fan."
This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And madam almoſt dreſs'd by four;
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, " Madam, dinner ſtays."
She anſwers, in her uſual ſtyle,
" The cook muſt keep it back awhile:
" I never can have time to dreſs
" (No woman breathing takes up leſs);
" I 'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
" I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to day—
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way!
" He 's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wiſh ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting every gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;

You

You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit.
But let me now awhile ſurvey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Diſcretion left the place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And Impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhall I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?

Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, " Madam, if it be a lye,
" You have the tale as cheap as I:
" I muſt conceal my author's name;
" But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, ſneering, ſays
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquettes:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies:
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fiſh-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchool-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with ſour election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongues alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam ſits,
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
" And was not Tom this morning ſent?
" I 'd lay my life he never went:
" Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
" I might by this have won a vole."

A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
" And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
" This head of mine, lord, how it ſwims!
" And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
" Dear madam, try to take a nap."—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
" Go, run, and light the ladies up:
" It muſt be one before we ſup."
The table, cards, and counters, ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can ſit up all night:
" Whoever comes, I 'm not within."—
Quadrille 's the word, and ſo begin.
How can the Muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *ſpadillo* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red;

In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the *parſon* came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in 't?
" I think I never had good luck in 't.
" I 'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe when you look on."
" Lord! madam, you have loſt *codille:*
" I never ſaw you play ſo ill."
" Nay, madam, give me leave to ſay,
" 'Twas you that threw the game away:
" When lady Trickſey play'd a four,
" You took it with a *mattadore*;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my lady call'd a king;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, madam, leave theſe little arts."
" That 's not ſo bad as one that rubs
" Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
" And makes her partner underſtand
" A *mattadore* is in her hand."
" Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."

" And

" And truly, madam, I know when,
" Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
" *Spadillo* here has got a mark;
" A child may know it in the dark:
" I gueſt the hand: it ſeldom fails:
" I wiſh ſome folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form:
But, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.
The time too precious now to waſte,
The ſupper gobbled up in haſte;
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft' they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
" A froſty morn—paſt four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, firſt, the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *priests* and *friars*—
T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the lyars!
M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
To our illustrious house of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
T. G— d—n the lyars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]
T. Did not an able statesman bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish-up
As *popish* craft? did he not rail on 't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on 't?

* A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the "Intelligencer," No viii. N.

Proving

Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?
[*A few dull lines are here purpoſely omitted.*]
M. Theſe wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are ſtale and worn as Troy-town ſtory:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out the laſt;
Like Martin Marrall*, gaping on,
Not minding when the ſong is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you liſted under
Have dropt their arms, and ſeiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peeviſh and perpetual teaſing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treaſon,

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

Thy

Thy buſy, never-meaning face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important ſneers,
Thy whiſperings foiſted in all ears
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink),
Have made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
To thy own ſide ſo d—n'd a nuiſance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you 're too ſevere.
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It ſhould be yours: but, d—n my blood!
I muſt purſue the public good.
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the ſtatue round.
The public ſafety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I 'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
The Tories' terror, ſcourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you miſtake the matter quite:
The Tories! you are their *delight*;

* King William III.

And

And ſhould you act a different part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow:*
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſtir their fancy, ſhows
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his ſword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd.
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And ſells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks:

In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There 's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he 's teas'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there 's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou 'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You riggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out;
Run on in a perpetual round,
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter,
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories;

They

They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you 'll be disgrac'd at *court*.
T. *Got?* D—n my blood! *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, nor ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so:
I 'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There 's nimble Tim a-passing by?"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue,
When through the streets I cry *halloo?*
Must all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to swear and lye,
Will they not trust me for a *spy?*
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
Oh! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant school-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the *sable guard.*
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:

Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd:
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my council, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There 's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ——).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, that hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You 'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When firſt in public we appear,
I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear:
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.

Then

Then at our leiſure we 'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I 'll take you to ſome friends of mine;
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro,
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber:*
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life;
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.

One tells the riſe of cheeſe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
One ſhews how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long mis-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
Oh, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politicks debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G— d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM* AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,
When I premiſe that Tim has travel'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a Fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)

* See an account of him in the "Intelligencer," No x.

The

The Monkey was completely dreſt,
The Beau in all his airs expreſt.
Tim, with ſurpriſe and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd every feature in 't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
" By —," ſays Tim, and let a fart,
" This graver underſtood his art.
" 'Tis a true copy, I 'll ſay that for 't;
" I well remember when I ſat for 't.
" My very face, as firſt I knew it;
" Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave:
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me:
" Theſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
" Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
" Such Jacobites as he deſerve—
" D—n me! I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

AS when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſues wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,
With powder'd rump and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipſy viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh t—d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, wouldſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow,
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun,
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glaſs encloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in every part,
Thy body 's cloathed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldſt be pelted worſe than they 're.

Yet,

Yet, when we ſee thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but juſt,
That thou ſhouldſt take an honeſt trade,
And weekly carry out the duſt.
Of cleanly houſes who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Duſt to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and ſneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and ſlobbering C——,
Who every day and hour the ſame are;
That vulgar talent I deſpiſe
Of piſſing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I liſten to the noiſe
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments ſtill ſubmitting,
I own I ſee but little wit in:
Such paſtimes, when our taſte is nice,
Can pleaſe at moſt but once or twice.
But then conſider Dick, you 'll find
His genius of ſuperior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor ſcowers the ſtreets without a ſhirt;
Though Dick, I dare preſume to ſay,
Could do ſuch feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;

He 'd

He 'd have them try'd at the aſſizes
For prieſts and jeſuits in diſguiſes;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the ſpeaker by the ears,
Next moment in the houſe of peers;
Now ſcolding at my lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Baby in her new ſtays.
Preſto! be gone! with t'other hop
He 's powdering in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the anti-chamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there:
Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he 'll tell him, and again on 't.

AN EPITAPH
ON
GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEATH†.

UNDER this ſtone lie Dicky and Dolly.
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. N.

† Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. She was married to the General in 1716; and died April 10, 1728: her huſband ſurvived but two days. N.

Dick

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he loſt:
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick ſigh'd and he cry'd:
To live without both full three days he try'd;
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt-water;
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

Meath ſmiles for the jointure, though gotten ſo late;
The ſon laughs, that got the hard-gotten eſtate;
And Cuffe* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt—*ſic tranſit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY lateſt tribute here I ſend,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame
A character to praiſe or blame:
And, if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due.
Give future times the ſatisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

* John Cuffe of Deſart, Eſq. married the General's eldeſt daughter. N.

DR.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT, ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS. WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the firſt, the fault 's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown:

ANSWER.

Becauſe to few you will be ſhown.
Give them good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what 's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increaſe my wonder.

DR.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs,
That you, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and ſcrapers?
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to every true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant Prelate, his Lordſhip or Grace,
Durſt there ſhew his Right or Moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their crofiers and rochets
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

[*The reſt is wanting.*]

ON

PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER*.

AS a thorn-buſh, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,

Above

* Dr. Sheridan was publiſher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himſelf; but Dr. Swift occaſionally ſupplied

Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens *entertainment there*;
So *bays* on poets' brows have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe buſh for ſpite;
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Thoſe ſacred leaves that *lightning ſpares*.
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-ſide);
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by Smedley's† model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,

ſupplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation thoſe papers received, attacked them violently both in converſation and print; but unfortunately ſtumbled on ſome of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave riſe to theſe verſes. N.

† Dean of Ferns. See the next poem. N.

At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teas'd by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:
In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The *spiteful insect* stung the god.

PARODY

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY*,

Written in Latin by himself.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of *dullness*, *pride*, *conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine,
As *poet*, *scholar*, and *divine*;
With *godliness* could well dispense;
Would be a *rake*, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after Truth enquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest;
A perfect *nuisance* to the rest:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.

* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had *caſh* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* ſentence,
By cutting of his phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that Biſhops were old women.
Poor Envy durſt not ſhew her phiz,
She was ſo terrified at his.
He waded, without any ſhame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every ſharping trick for bread,
And after all he ſeldom ſped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice:*
But, if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *à quatre trois.*
Now ſound in mind, and ſound in *corpus,*
(Says he) though ſwell'd like any *porpoiſe,*
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he ſinks a ſcore)
To the Eaſt-Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchaſe an eſtate;
Where, after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He 'll mount his *tub,* and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Leſt that the reader ſhould not know
The bank where laſt he ſet his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ſhip,
And gave his creditors the ſlip.

But

But leſt *chronology* ſhould vary,
Upon the Ides of February;
In ſeventeen hundred eight and twenty,
To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Ye Fates, when all he gets is ſpent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS. BY MR. LINDSAY*.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſummer's
" heats,
" In courts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweats;
" While ſmiling Nature, in her beſt attire,
" Regales each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
" Can he who knows that real good ſhould pleaſe,
" Barter for gold his liberty and eaſe?"—
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He graſps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
Forgets the ſun, and doſeth on the laws.

THE ANSWER.
BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right.
Then, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
Without whoſe aid you 're all undone?

* Mr. Lindſay, a polite and elegant ſcholar, at that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the juſtices of the court of common-pleas. N.

Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſavoury ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſs'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inſpiring poets' brains
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe—
Apollo 's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright:
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees.
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;

Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts' the lawyers gold.
Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I 'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindſay's ſake;
By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem:*
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes.
I own, the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own, his conſcience always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.
Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,

Always for ſaving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken:
The copy 's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhow
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-ſick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch muſt be at court by nine;
Half ſunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then from the bar, harangues the bench,
In Engliſh vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vileſt of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuſe,
With periods long, in terms abſtruſe!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thouſand lines to ſtand for ſix!
Of common ſenſe without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cauſe before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe;
While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down;

And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.
Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He 's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft' from common sense;
And make his ignorance discerned,
To get the name of Council Learned
(As *lucus* comes *à non lucendo*),
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;
You 'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dullness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.

And we admire the man who ſaves
His honeſty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at diſcretion,
To villains of his own profeſſion.
Lindſay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly ſave your ſtake;
And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters!
For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe;
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tie,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe*.

* This gentleman, who was a privy counſellor, incurred the ſevere diſpleaſure of the Dean, who has taken ſeveral opportunities of cenſuring him. N.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER*

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

In ALLUSION to HORACE, Book II. Sat. 1.

"Sunt quibus in Satira, &c."

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There 's too much ſatire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers' lore,
What 's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or humorous proſe;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgement of a friend,

* Mr. Lindſay. See p. 161.

Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
'Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
'Than theſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert, that Hyde*, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet†, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To Woolſton‡ recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chain which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?

* Edward Hyde, the firſt earl of Clarendon, who wrote the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars. N.

† The celebrated Biſhop of Saliſbury. N.

‡ A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote againſt the miracles of Chriſt. N.

To

To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wisdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or shall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muses' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
" Some, by philosophers misled,
" Must honour you alive and dead;
" And such as know what Greece hath writ,
" Must taste your irony and wit;
" Whilst most that are, or would be great,
" Must dread your pen, your person hate;
" And you on Drapier's* hill must lie,
" And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head

* In the county of Armagh, where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had some thoughts of building; as appears by several of the following Poems. N.

Such

Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through every limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

AN EPISTLE

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
"Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat."

MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wiſe and learned ruler of our iſle,
Whoſe guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous ſoul ſhall condeſcend
T' inſtruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On ſome high theme you learnedly enlarge;

Of

Of all the ways of wiſdom reaſon well,
How Richelieu roſe, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow leſs thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and ſome delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wiſdom with your wine,
Like that your wit ſhall flow, your genius ſhine;
Nor with leſs praiſe the converſation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Aſſerts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilſt I ſit by abaſh'd and mute),
With ſoft conceſſions ſhortening the diſpute;
Then cloſe with kind enquiries of my ſtate,
" How are your tithes, and have they roſe of late?
" Why, Chriſt-Church is a pretty ſituation,
" There are not many better in the nation!
" This, with your *other things*, muſt yield you clear
" Some ſix—at leaſt five hundred pounds a year."
Suppoſe, at ſuch a time, I took the freedom
To ſpeak theſe truths as plainly as you read 'em
(You ſhall rejoin, my lord, when I 've replied,
And, if you pleaſe, my lady ſhall decide):
" My lord, I 'm ſatisfied you meant me well;
" And that I 'm thankful, all the world can tell:
" But you 'll forgive me, if I own th' event
" Is ſhort, is very ſhort, of your intent;
" At leaſt, I feel ſome ills unfelt before,
" My income leſs, and my expences more."
" How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
" A dignitary! with a city lecture!

" What

" What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
" what rent!
" Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
" Would my good lord but caſt up the account,
" And ſee to what my revenues amount.
" My titles ample! but my gain ſo ſmall,
" That one good vicarage is worth them all:
" And very wretched ſure is he, that 's double
" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
" Add to this crying grievance, if you pleaſe,
" My horſes founder'd on Fermanah ways;
" Ways of well-poliſh'd and well-pointed ſtone,
" Where every ſtep endangers every bone;
" And more to raiſe your pity and your wonder,
" Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles aſunder!
" With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
" Beſides whole ſummers abſent from my garden!—
" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
" I 'd change with Charley Grattan for his ſchool*—
" What fine caſcades, what viſtos, might I make,
" Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
" There might I ſail delighted, ſmooth and ſafe,
" Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph†:
" There 's not a better ſteerer in the realm;
" I hope, my lord, you 'll call him to the *helm*."—
" Doctor—a glorious ſcheme to eaſe your grief!
" When *cures* are croſs, a ſchool 's a ſure relief.

* A free-ſchool at Inniſkillen, founded by Eraſmus Smith, eſq. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

" You

" You cannot fail of being happy there,
" The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
" The ſcheme is for your honour and your eaſe;
" And, doctor, I 'll promote it when you pleaſe.
" Mean-while, allowing things below your merit,
" Yet, doctor, you 've a philoſophic ſpirit;
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, ſmall,
" And you 've enough to gratify them all:
" You 've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in ſtore:
" And what would a philoſopher have more?
" You cannot wiſh for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
" My lord, I 've not enough to buy me books—
" Or pray, ſuppoſe my wants were all ſupplied,
" Are there no wants I ſhould regard beſide?
" Whoſe breaſt is ſo unmann'd, as not to grieve,
" Compaſs'd with miſeries he can't relieve?
" Who can be happy—who ſhould wiſh to live,
" And want the godlike happineſs to give?
" (That I 'm a judge of this, you muſt allow:
" I had it once—and I 'm debarr'd it now.)
" Aſk your own heart, my lord, if this be true,
" Then how unbleſt am I! how bleſt are you!"
" 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us wave all that—
" Say, if you had your wiſh, what you 'd be at."
" Excuſe me, good my lord—I won't be ſounded,
" Nor ſhall your favour by my wants be bounded.
" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
" Nor is it fit I ſhould preſcribe to you.
" Yet this might Symmachus himſelf avow
" (Whoſe rigid rules are antiquated now)—

" My

" My lord, I 'd wish to *pay the debts I owe*—
" I 'd wish besides—to *build*, and to *bestow*."

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE FROM A CERTAIN DOCTOR TO A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

Being a CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on less,
When things of more importance press;
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
Unanswer'd at your *patron*'s gate:
And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
As Falstaff acted old King Harry;
I 'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
Folks shrug, and cry *There 's nothing in 't*.
And, after several readings over,
It shines most in the marble cover.
How could so fine a taste dispense,
With mean degrees of wit and sense?
Nor will my lord so far *beguile*
The *wise* and *learned* of our *isle*;

To

To make it pass upon the nation,
By dint of his sole approbation.
The task is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the sense of all mankind;
Who think your Muse must first aspire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You 've cause to say he *meant you well:*
That you *are thankful*, who *can tell?*
For still you 're short (which grieves your spirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley*, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
" When thou thy humble lay dost offer
" To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
" Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:
" Content with what his bounty gave,
" No larger income dost thou crave."
But you must have cascades, and all
Ierne's lake for your canal,
Your vistos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our Speaker for your coxon:
It 's pity that he can't bestow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

* See a Petition to the Duke of Grafton, vol. XLII. p. 265.

How

How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
" Who only aſks ſome pretty cure,
" In wholeſome ſoil and æther pure;
" The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
" In either angle ſhady bowers:
" No gay parterre with coſtly green
" Muſt in the ambient hedge be ſeen;
" But Nature freely takes her courſe,
" Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
" No ſheers to check her ſprouting vigour,
" Or ſhape the *yews* to antic figure."
But you, forſooth, your *all* muſt ſquander
On that poor ſpot, call'd Dell-ville yonder:
And when you 've been at vaſt expences
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your aſſets fail, and caſh is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raiſe and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demoliſh'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And ſet the houſe to Rupert Barber.
You ſprang an arch, which, in a ſcurvy
Humour, you tumbled topſy-turvy.
You change a circle to a ſquare,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?

To

To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow
You place the Muſes and Apollo;
There ſhining 'midſt his train, to grace
Your whimſical poetic place.
Theſe ſtories were of old deſign'd
As fables; but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muſes, gods, and ſtreams.
Who would not ſwear, when you contrive thus,
That you 're Don Quixote Redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain ſupplies.
Oh! couldſt thou, by ſome magic ſpell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-aſſume its ſtream*,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expences riſe ſo high,
What income can your wants ſupply?
Yet ſtill you fancy you inherit
A fund of ſuch ſuperior merit,
That you can't fail of more proviſion,
All by my *lady*'s kind deciſion.
For, the more livings you can fiſh up,
You think you 'll ſooner be a biſhop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *anſwer the event*.

* See Dr. Swift's verſes on the drying-up of this well, in this volume, p. 63.

Moſt think what has been heap'd on you,
To other ſort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your ſlim-flams,
Epiſtles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth muſt not be ſounded,
The time was, when you 'd have compounded
For leſs than Charley Grattan's ſchool:
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool!
Take this advice then from your friend:
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *beſtow*.
Be modeſt; nor addreſs your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A paſſage may be found*, I 've heard,
In ſome old Greek or Latian bard,
Which ſays, " Would crows in ſilence eat
" Their offals, or their better meat,
" Their generous feeders not provoking
" By loud and unharmonious croaking;
" They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
" Live on, and ſtuff to boot their maws."

* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND

DR. DELANY,

AND HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chooſe for companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he 's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment*'s road.
Suppoſe my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt intereſt of your own,
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of buſineſs now:
Or, mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He 'll turn it off with, " Name your toaſt:"
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.
For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;

So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, ſhall you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron*'s grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, though they wanted ſhoes:
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair;
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might every *dunce* alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.

Thus

Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the *court* attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth*:
Who paid his courtſhip with the crowd
As far as *modeſt pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *uſher*'s place,
And leaves St. James's in diſgrace.
Thus Addiſon, by lords careſt,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a *ſquire:*
But wiſely left the Muſes' hill,
To buſineſs ſhap'd the *poet*'s quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *courtier*'s trade,
And, grown *a miniſter of ſtate,*
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whoſe generous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſman kind,
Contemning *courts,* at *courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with every virtue fraught,
By *ſages, prieſts,* or *poets* taught;
Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt talent* is his *wit*;

* William duke of Cumberland, ſon to George II.

His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *rascal statesman*'s spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.
True *politicians* only pay
For solid *work*, but not for *play*;
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
Consider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen* than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You shew your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critick*, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *pension?*
He overpays in condescension.

But,

But, reverend *doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condescend so low:
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He 'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a *beggar's purse*;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And shew us, England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps?*
The offals of a *church* distrest;
A hungry *vicarage* at best;
Or some remote inferior *post*,
With forty pounds a year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite *lord* is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;

His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter*'s claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.

But you who, till your fortune 's made,
Muſt be a *ſweetener* by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That, if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.

Since this reflexion ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe:

" So to deſtroy a guilty land
" An * *angel* ſent by *heaven*'s command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;

* " So when an angel by divine command," &c.
ADDISON's Campaign.

" And

" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."
But I, in *politicks* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *kings* and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtateſman*'s face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence*).
" So, to effect his *monarch*'s ends,
" From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at Beelzebub's *black hall*
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."
Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as kings are gods.

TO

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" — Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
" Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'ſcaping oft' without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame;
When firſt in print, you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critick's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;

That,

That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critick in the face.
Though ſplendour gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round*,
They glance aſide without a wound.
'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annexed?
'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find;
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.

Then,

Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate*'s praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views:
Make all true patriots, up to ſhoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft' am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unfold upon the printer's lines.
A *genius* in the reverend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.

Round

Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe:
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob;
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For as, of old, mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For though the Muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;

If

If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muſes' hill,
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung,
With harpy claws and poiſonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare; the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To perſecute the Muſes' fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope incluſive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies.
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Shew me the ſame numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:

You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the Grub-ſtreet poet's neſt;
What ſpunging-houſe, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin;
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.
You have been libel'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate,*
Be that my *motto,* and my *fate.*

DIRECTIONS

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your buſineſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of goddeſſes beſide.

Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as every ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrupulous than a Heathen!

Or,

Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That 's but a trifle among friends.
Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering falchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow;
While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white ſteed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his fire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arms hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard-bowls;
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And lightning always in his eyes:
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars, chooſe peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Poſtmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full:
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?

Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he 's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo ſit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up Virtue when ſhe droops;
" On Learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witneſs if I tell a flam.
" What prodigies in Arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams, in George's reign.
" As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here 's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad innuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)

And

And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.

Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in 't:
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege them,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And make the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your intereſt lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be applied directly wrong.

A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For princes' love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before,
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your lift of Gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdued;

Oh,

Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of Gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook-in all the reſt.
Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your Empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thouſand years has liv'd the Goddeſs,
Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, your ſongſters oft' have ſhown
That ſhe hath Graces of her own;
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and every grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their ſnowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now ſee her ſeated in her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendour is but borrow'd light;

And only with her Brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our iſles,
Though George is gone a thouſand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And ſees a ſon in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-ſhaking nod.

Now ſing his little Highneſs Freddy,
Who ſtruts like any king already:
With ſo much beauty, ſhew me any maid
That could reſiſt this charming Ganymede!
Where majeſty with ſweetneſs vies,
And, like his father, early wiſe.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And ſwear his line ſhall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little Duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and ſize,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make ſome proviſion for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;

Into

Into whoſe pocket valiant Willy put,
Will ſoon ſubdue the realm of Lilliput.
A ſkilful critick juſtly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harſh, ſtiff names.
The ſenſe can ne'er be too jejune,
But ſmooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunſwick are too rough:
Heſſe-Darmſtadt makes a rugged ſound,
And Guelp the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet
So ſoft, ſo ſliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fixt,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in ſong.
What though the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to duſt?

Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sebrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he 's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſang up, ſing down.
Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your Hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis

'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains ſold, or meanings double.
Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMÉS.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

OUR ſchool-maſter may rave i' th' fit
Of claſſic beauty *hæc & illa*,
Not all his birch inſpires ſuch wit
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toaſt, in bright champain,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I 'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or ſars-parilla.

At Goodman's-Fields I 've much admir'd
The poſtures ſtrange of Monſieur Brilla;
But what are they to the ſoft ſtep,
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has enterniz'd in ſong
The flying footſteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodoſe condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla;
And deuce take London, if ſome knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wiſe,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But, oh! the empreſs has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breaſt, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I 'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, ſnatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verſe—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope conſigns Belinda's watch
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' ſnow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

The HUE and CRY after the ATTORNIES, upon their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briſkly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horſes of their clients;
Like ſo many little Mars's,
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burniſh'd;
And with harneſs-buckles furniſh'd,
And with whips and ſpurs ſo neat,
And with jockey-coats compleat,
And with boots ſo very greaſy,
And with ſaddles eke ſo eaſy;
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles deſtin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats ſo very big, Sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir;
And with ruffles to be ſhown,
Cambrick ruffles not their own;
And with Holland ſhirts ſo white,
Shirts becoming to the ſight,

Shirts

Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinſel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings ſo very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little ſenſe;
With ſome law, but little juſtice,
Having ſtolen from my hoſteſs,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the ſoldier from the ſutler;
From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jailer;
Into this and t' other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough ſtinking lanes and alleys;
Some to—kiſs with farmers' ſpouſes,
And make merry in their houſes;
Some to—tumble country wenches
On their ruſhy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their ſwords, and—run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot:

Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to ſup their porridge;
And Vacation 's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind.
"Reaſon," they ſay, "belongs to man;"
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum:
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt, in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals' pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute;
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

O'er

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politicks disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who 's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster-row.
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds:
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract;
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-ſhow* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to *puppets* paid;
In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſt and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in *timber* fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confeſt;
Powel* and Stretch* the hint purſue;
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

* Two famous puppet-ſhow men.

The

The ſame great truth South-Sea* hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;
Where thouſands, by directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The ſame a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
Are oft but wiſdom in machine.

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A ſtatue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere ſpring of wires they play,
And ſpeak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas! a ſcolding wife
Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

* See the poem on the South-Sea, vol. XLII. p. 207.

In

In ſhort, whatever men purſue,
Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to pleaſe and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou ſhalt put on a *puppet*'s pride.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhown,
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glaſs;
Puns cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour paſs.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhews ſome error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of Punch will ever be,
And ſtand confeſt the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER

HAMILTON'S BAWN ſhould be turned into a BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight* full of care:
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
" This Hamilton's bawn†, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
" I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
" But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
" For a *barrack*‡ or *malt-houſe*, we now muſt conſider.
" Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malt-houſe*,
" Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
" There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
" I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
" A handſome addition for wine and good cheer,
" Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year:
" With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
" No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board;
" And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
" To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine;

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat this was written.

† A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Arthur's ſeat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong buildings, over the whole kingdom, called barracks. F.

Nor

" Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
" A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſurloin.
" If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
" My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on 't:
" In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent;
" Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
" Or join with the court in every debate;
" And rather than that, I would loſe my eſtate."
Thus ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife:
" It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life.
" I 'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
" But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull *Rums.
" With Parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
" I 'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
" But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
" The Captain, I 'm ſure, will always come here;
" I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
" For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
" Or, ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
" Will tell him that Chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
" That men of his coat ſhould be minding their prayers,
" And not among ladies to give themſelves airs."
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah†, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.

† My lady's waiting-woman. F.

As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, " Madam, why ſurely my maſter 's poſſeſt.
" Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it will ſound!
" I 'd rather the *bawn* were ſunk under ground.
" But madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
" When I ſaw him ſo often with *Darby and Wood.
" And now my dream 's out; for I was a-dream'd
" That I ſaw a huge rat—O dear, how I ſcream'd!
" And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
" And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.
" Dear madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaſe,
" You might have a *barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
" And, madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give out.
" If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
" And, rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
" With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
" But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
" And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.
" Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
" An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a wink:
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I 'd never ſo fain.
" I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
" Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.

* Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.

" Now

" Now ſee, when they meet, how their Honours behave:
" Noble Captain, your ſervant"—" Sir Arthur, your
" ſlave;
" You honour me much"—" The honour is mine."—
" 'Twas a ſad rainy night"—" But the morning is fine."
" Pray how does my Lady?"—" My wife 's at your
" ſervice."—
" I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervas."—
" Good morrow, good Captain. I 'll wait on you
" down."—
" You ſha'n't ſtir a foot."—You 'll think me a clown:
" For all the world, Captain—" " Not half an inch
" farther."—
" You muſt be obey'd!"—" Your ſervant, Sir Arthur!
" My humble reſpects to my Lady unknown."—
" I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own."
" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?
" You had like to have put it quiet out of my head.
" Next day, to be ſure, the Captain will come,
" At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
" Now, madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
" The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
" See now comes the Captain all daub'd with gold lace;
" O la! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
" And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand;

" And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,
" STAND!
" Your Ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen
" (For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
" The Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
" For a Captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
" Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
" For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the
" bridle).
" Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath ſpilt!)
" Then he lowers down the point, and kiſſes the hilt.
" Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin:
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
" The Captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
" And your Ladyſhip curtſies half way to the ground.
" Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us;
" I 'm ſure he 'll be proud of the honour you do us.
" And, Captain, you 'll do us the favour to ſtay,
" And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
" You 're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worſt time of the year:
" If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt—"
" Lord! madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt:
" You

" You banter me, madam; the kingdom muſt grant—"
" You officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant!"
" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming—"
" No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
" To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a long ſtory),
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The Dean and the *Doctor have humbled their pride,
" For the Captain 's entreated to ſit by your ſide;
" And, becauſe he 's their betters, you carve for him
" firſt;
" The Parſons for envy are ready to burſt.
" The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
" And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
" To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
" Dear madam, be ſure he 's a fine-ſpoken man,
" Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran;
" And, madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
" You 'll ne'er want for Parſons as long as you live.
" I ne'er knew a Parſon without a good noſe;
" But the Devil 's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G— d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z---s! by their looks they never keep Lent.
" Miſter Curate, for all your grave looks, I 'm afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid:
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a ninny,
" That the Captain ſuppos'd he was Curate to Jinny).

* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Obſerve how a Parſon comes into a room;
" G— d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your **Noveds*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*, and ſtuff,
" By G—, they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army 's the only good ſchool in the nation:
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o' me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my life:
" So I took to the road, and, what 's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a Parſon, by G—.
" Now, madam, you 'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."
" Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
" So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
" As who ſhould ſay, *Now, am I †ſkinny and lean?*
" But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips.
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyſhip
" walk?"

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

† Nick-names for my lady.

Her

Her Ladyſhip anſwers, " I 'm juſt coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, " Huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone mad!
" How could theſe *chimera's* get into your brains?—
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
" But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
" Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

GOOD cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier:
He that of every ear 's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains.
Lives ſuch a bard on Britiſh plains?
No; not in all the Britiſh court;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, ſure as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly ſung:
A ſubject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.

What

What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;
A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
A middle-ſtate 'twixt peace and war;
And ſay, there ſhall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at leaſt,
That court and courtiers have no taſte:
You never elſe had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obſcurely lain;
All things gone on the ſame dull track,
And Drapier's-hill* been ſtill Drumlack;
But now your name with Penſhurſt vies,
And wing'd with fame ſhall reach the ſkies.

DRAPIER'S-HILL.

WE give the world to underſtand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchaſe which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheſon, whoſe ſeat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build an houſe upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. F.

Provided,

Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endleſs hoarded ſtore,
To build a houſe, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too ſhall have his will,
And call the manſion Drapier's-hill:
That, when a nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the Drapier's praiſe ſhall ſing;
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten;
And all his *handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous Letters made waſte-paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In ſpight of envy, flouriſh ſtill,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, ſhould you call me to account,
Conſulting with myſelf, I find
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the ſcheme is ended:

* Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. F.

Nor

Nor can you tax me as unſteady,
I have a hundred cauſes ready;
All riſen ſince that flattering time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greateſt cully of mankind:
The loweſt boy in Martin's ſchool
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form ſo wild a viſion,
To ſeek, in deſerts, Fields Elyſian?
To live in fear, ſuſpicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my Lady will object:
Your Deanſhip ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Goſford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taſte,
Your intervals of time to ſpend
With ſo converſable a friend,
It would not ſignify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a uſurer's plumbs;
Though I ſhould ſee him twice a day,
And am his neighbour croſs the way;
If all my rhetoric muſt fail
To ſtrike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wiſe
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deſerving friends with-hold
Their gifts, as Miſers do their gold;

Their

Their knowledge to themſelves confin'd
Is the ſame avarice of mind;
Nor makes their converſation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wiſdom out of ſight;
Whoſe uncommunicative heart
Will ſcarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in ſpeculations deep,
His outward ſenſes faſt aſleep;
Who, while I talk, a ſong will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the ſkies tranſports his mind,
And leaves a lifeleſs corpſe behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To underſtand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who ſend my mind (as I believe) leſs
Than others do, on errands ſleeveleſs;
Can liſten to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My ſpirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphyſics ſmatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble,
Than dream of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abſtracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourſe of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight ſublime and me,

If

If when I talk, as talk I muſt,
It is but prating to a buſt?
Where friendſhip is by Fate deſign'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But here I differ from the Knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can ſay that ever yet
We both in one opinion met;
Not in philoſophy, or ale;
In ſtate affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking ſtraws;
In roaſting larks, or making laws;
In public ſchemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.
The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleaſure entertains
To cheer the ſolitary ſcenes:
His gueſts are few, his viſits rare;
Nor uſes time, nor time will ſpare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, ſeated in an eaſy chair,
Deſpiſes exerciſe and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns:
Here poor Pomona ſits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora ſettles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Thoſe thankleſs and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,

From

From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the Knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine.
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN,

In the PERSON of a LADY in the NORTH*. 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Indulgent

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft', ſo highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that aukward ſhame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
Oh, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe!
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know;
And ſee, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
" A Panegyrick on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
" By Lady Anne of Market-hill."

Thus

I thus begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
*Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
And, as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to †Kit.
In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur;
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *flattern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
Proceed we to your ‡preaching next:
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!

* The names of two overſeers.
† My lady's footman.
‡ The author preached but once while he was there. F.

How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggars' Opera not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word;
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch every ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtyle ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene.
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *butler's-mate*;
You next to *Dennis bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:

* The butler.

Nor

Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart;
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give every man his glaſs;
When proper to produce the beſt,
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving-men:
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
Your **uſher*'s poſt muſt next be handled:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and dearn.
Now as a *jeſter* I accoſt you;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare;
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of every taſte to know the ſize;

* He ſometimes uſed to walk with the lady. F.

There 's none ſo ignorant or weak
* To take offence at what you ſpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
A dutcheſs, or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſeveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chamber-maid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan† take every joke.
I now become your humble ſuitor
To let you praiſe you as my ‡*tutor*.
Poor I, a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed every morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learnt to ſpell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my book!
And ſure as they 're alive at night,
As ſoon as gone will ſhow their ſpight:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty Dean!

* The neighbouring ladies were no great underſtanders of raillery. F.

† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill. See above, p. 115.

‡ In bad weather the author uſed to direct my lady in her reading. F.

She 's

She 's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could she sit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
But I admire your patience most;
That when I 'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily,
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.
Now enter as the dairy hand-maid;
Such charming * butter never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes. F.

From *tubs* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
Thy *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
The biſhop with his *foot* may burn it*,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the ſervants overjoy'd
To ſee thy Deanſhip thus employ'd!
Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.

Your Reverence thus, with like ſucceſs
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs),
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the ſkull,
Dilates and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt;
But, ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

* It is a common ſaying, when the milk burns-to, that the devil or the biſhop has ſet his foot in it, the devil having been called biſhop of hell. F.

But

But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific ſize
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddeſs Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her ſhrine.
In ſeparate cells the he's and ſhe's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees*:
For 'tis prophane when ſexes mingle,
And every nymph muſt enter ſingle,
And when ſhe feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.
The baſhful maid, to hide our bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, oh! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!

Yet, when your lofty domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient days.

Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize awhile.
Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee aſſign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam
(Though ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads ſwept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or, offer'd in ſome flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale:
There many a flower abſterſive grew,
The favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus, and the daffodil,
The cowſlip ſoft, and ſweet jonquil.
But when at laſt uſurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greaſy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,

With

With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily ſkin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble ſhare,
As if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff.
She ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Inſtead of wholeſome bread and cheeſe,
To dreſs their ſoups and fricaſſees;
And, for our home-bred Britiſh cheer,
Botargo, catſup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, ſprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rights divine.
Firſt, lolling *ſloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *dropſy* with a ſallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing *aſthma*, loth to ſtir:
Voluptuous *eaſe*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth.
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſavory vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.

Ah!

Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Ye great-ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your couches' ſide;
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up offerings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty dutcheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box?
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence ofe' I tread:
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:

Nor

Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd offering out.
But ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accoſting ſaid, *"Go ſhake your cream."
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the †*guile*:
With ‡Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely-carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye;
And every gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

* In the bottle, to make butter. F.

† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. F.

‡ Mrs. Dixon, the [illegible]-keeper. F.

But

But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By diſputing, I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhew no anger needleſs.

V. When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jeſt or humorous ſtory
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I ſuppoſe,
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX. You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You

X. You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs;
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice:
Which if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1730.

FROM diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſufferers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd, here unite,
A Dean*, a Spaniard†, and a Knight‡;

* Dr. Swift.

† Col. Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain. See p. 247.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon.

Unite

Unite, but on conditions cruel:
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his honour's guard:
The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *ſouth* are poſted centry;
While, in his lordly caſtle fixt,
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves, muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You loſt a place, and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,

And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's mount deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan ſhe wears;
Then, leſt upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to ſtir an inch.
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;

The

The ſhoes put on, our faithful portreſs
Admits us in, to ſtorm the fortreſs;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at every ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.
But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis* you muſt fix on,
And I 'll engage with Peggy Dixon†:
Then, if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt that keeps my lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion;
And, ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We 'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we 'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat:

* The butler. † The houſe-keeper.
‡ The agent.

Yet,

Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We 'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We 'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our intereſt to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus* mean
By bellowing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
Papiſt, and Jacobite, and Libeler;
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom; his head is crackt.

* Lord Allen. D. S.

T. What miſchief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

R. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain;
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.

T. Such friendſhip never man profeſt,
The Dean was never ſo careſt;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide like mad Ulyſſes:
While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has loſt his wits.

T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,

Hangs

Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To ſay he 's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, " Shoot him dead,
" Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without diſpute,
Towzer 's the leſs offenſive brute.
R. Tom, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And though you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there 's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
" Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
" He only meant it for your good:
" His friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
" He ſhot before your foes were prim'd.
" By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
" By G—! I 'll bring you off as clean—*"
Then let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
" 'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.
But, though he ſputter through a ſeſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:

* This is the uſual excuſe of Traulus, when he abuſes you to others without provocation. F.

Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he 's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion.*
Of *brethren* he 's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſlanderer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or, grant him but a drone at beſt,
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean had felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man?*
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves.
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungrel ſeed;
By the *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
By the *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and overbearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong;

Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father*'s ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they *maſons*, were they *butchers?*
Herald, lend the Muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:
'This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.

Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old *foundation*.

True

True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *hell*?

ROBIN AND HARRY*.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny, and God's bleſſing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.
Robin, from noon to night, will prate,
Runs-out in tongue, as in eſtate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to ſay.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a ſtory twice:
And, if he always be ſo thrifty,
His fund may laſt to five and fifty.
It ſo fell out, that cautious Harry,
As ſoldiers uſe, for love muſt marry,

* Sons of Dr. Leſlie. Harry was a colonel in the Spaniſh ſervice. See above, p. 237. N.

And, with his dame, the ocean croſt;
(All for Love, or the World well Loſt!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Juſt big enough to ſhelter two in;
And in his houſe, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his *modicum*;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
Or dearns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
While Harry 's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the fate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd;
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,

Powder'd

Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms every ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all chriſtian folks;
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing:

Picking

Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-houſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, obſerving ſince the peace
The burial-article decreaſe,
And, vext to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry;

Vow'd

Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old batchelors about his court;
The intereſt of his realm had need
That Death ſhould get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.
A conſult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;
Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his ſhoulders fell;
An adder of the ſable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an uſurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all.
But, loth his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-caſe.
No new-fluxt rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.

Nine

Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming ſops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had buſineſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *majeſty of terrors* came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain*.

Nothing

Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks;
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft' a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex, and how to pleaſe;
But the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To diſpute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon;
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay:
Still her odd perverſeneſs ſhows,
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows;
And, where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and ſillier:
All her ſpirits in a flame,
When ſhe knows ſhe 's moſt to blame.
Send me hence ten thouſand miles,
From a face that always ſmiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
To be eaſy, keep your diſtance;

Or in folly ſtill befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Loſe not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That ſhe'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her;
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to adviſe her wrong;
And reprove her when ſhe 's right;
She may then grow wiſe for ſpight.
No—that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She 's too cunning, and too ſkilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That ſhe throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dreſs her ſoul.
Thus you have the caſe in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you.
Heaven forbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee!
But will never more adviſe thee.

THE

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

"— Quis iniquæ
"Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?"
Juv.

IN ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold
(Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A Pheasant Lord*, above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill†.
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales be true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,

* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

† Ireland.

Could

Could read and write in proſe and verſe,
And ſpeak like ***, and build like Pearce*.
He knew their voices, and their wings;
Who ſmootheſt ſoars, who ſweeteſt ſings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true ſublime:
Their merits he could well deſcry,
He had ſo exquiſite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to ſhew them clear,
He had as exquiſite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he ſtray'd,
Beneath an Academic ſhade,
He lik'd, amidſt a thouſand throats,
The wildneſs of a Woodlark's† notes,
And ſearch'd, and ſpy'd, and ſeiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here ſome ſhrew'd critick finds I 'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught"—
Then jeſts on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jeſts; and ſo my tale proceeds.
Long had he ſtudy'd in the Wood,
Converſing with the wiſe and good;
His ſoul with harmony inſpir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His Brethren's good and Maker's praiſe
Were all the ſtudy of his lays;

* A famous modern architect.
† Dr. Delany.

Were all his ſtudy in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the Great.
His friendſhip was the ſure reſort
Of all the wretched at the Court;
But chiefly merit in diſtreſs
His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs.—
This fix'd him in his Patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the Court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
" Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
" To every thought of common good,
" Confining every hope and care"
To their own low contracted ſphere.
Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis Envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
" To hide her rage in ridicule:
" The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,
" When all her ſnakes are deck'd with ſmiles;"
Sardonic ſmiles, by rancour rais'd!
" Tormented moſt when ſeeming pleas'd!"
Their ſpight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morſels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!

How

How had his ſenſe and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!
" At higheſt Worth dull Malice reaches,
" As ſlugs pollute the faireſt peaches:
" Envy defames, as harpies vile
" Devour the food they firſt defile."
Now aſk the fruit of all his favour—
" He was not hitherto a ſaver"—
What then could make their rage run mad?
" Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.
" What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
" Or racks, or rods, to puniſh hopes?
" Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
" Is ſeldom Earthly Wiſdom's aim;
" Or, if it were, is not ſo ſmall,
" But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a ſong
(He ſeldom ſang, and never long);
The noiſy, rude, malignant croud,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and what was ſillier,
Eaſy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With ſolemn air to Virtue's praiſe,
Alike abuſive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarſe and unharmonious:
Yet ſo it was to ſouls like theirs,
Tuneleſs as Abel to the Bears!
A Rook* with harſh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw†

* Dr. T——r. † Right Hon. Rich. Tighe.

(Though ſome, who would be thought to know,
Are poſitive it was a Crow);
Jack Daw was ſeconded by Tit,
Tom Tit* could write, and ſo he writ;
A tribe of tuneleſs praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let looſe,
Down to the witleſs waddling Gooſe.
Some pick'd at him, ſome flew, ſome flutter'd,
Some hiſs'd, ſome ſcream'd, and others mutter'd:
The Crow, on carrion wont to feaſt,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taſte:
The Rook in earneſt too, not joking,
Swore all his ſinging was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to ſhew their wit,
Might think ſo ſtill—"but that they writ"—
Could it be ſpight or envy?—"No—
"Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So Wiſe Simplicity eſteem'd,
Quite otherwiſe True Wiſdom deem'd;
This queſtion rightly underſtood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
"A ſoul ennobled and refin'd
"Reproaches every baſer mind:
"As ſtrains exalted and melodious
"Make every meaner muſick odious."—
At length the Nightingale† was heard,
For voice and wiſdom long rever'd,

* Dr. Sheridan. † Dean Swift.

Eſteem'd

Eſteem'd of all the wiſe and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in diſcontent retir'd,
Yet not obſcur'd, but more admir'd;
His brethren's ſervile ſouls diſdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afreſh provoke his choler
(It ſeems the Lark had been his ſcholar,
A favourite ſcholar always near him,
And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him):
Enrag'd he canvaſſes the matter,
Expoſes all their ſenſeleſs chatter,
Shews him and them in ſuch a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their ſpight.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wiſdom of his Notes,
They hide their heads, and huſh their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

IN ancient times, the wiſe were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always juſtly ſuit
The characters of every brute.
The aſs was dull, the lion brave,
The ſtag was ſwift, the fox a knave;

The daw a thief, the ape a droll;
The hound would ſcent, the wolf would prole;
A pigeon would, if ſhown by Æſop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great Divine
Has learnt his Fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the Doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, Doctor, you know,
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind
(And this was thought the higheſt poſt;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roaſt).
The Doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a pheaſant.
This pheaſant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;

And,

And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he ſays, and I allow,
Were ſcholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricaſſees and olios.
This Pheaſant, by the Peacock's will,
Was Viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his Park,
He chanc'd to ſpy a Clergy Lark;
Was taken with his perſon outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheaſant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the Tale is pleaſant,
Himſelf the lark, my Lord the pheaſant:
A lark he is, and ſuch a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:
And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
Who does no ill, can have no foe;
Yet how ſhall I expreſs in words
The ſtrange ſtupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Becauſe he did his brethren good.
At laſt the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worſt of diſaffected Deans;

Whoſe wit at beſt was next to none,
And now that little next is gone.
Againſt the Court is always blabbing,
And calls the Senate-houſe a Cabin;
So dull, that, but for ſpleen and ſpite,
We ne'er ſhould know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Becauſe himſelf is not preferr'd:
His heart is through his Libel ſeen,
Nor could his malice ſpare the Queen;
Who, had ſhe known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have ſhown him ſo much favour.
A noble Lord* hath told his pranks,
And well deſerves the nation's thanks.
Oh! would the Senate deign to ſhow
Reſentment on this public Foe;
Our Nightingale might ſit a cage,
There let him ſtarve, and vent his rage;
Or, would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of human-kind!
Harmonious Coffee†, ſhow thy zeal,
Thy champion for the common-weal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Beſtow that Libeler a laſh,
Who daily vends ſeditious traſh;
Who dares reviſe the nation's wiſdom,
But in the praiſe of virtue is dumb:

* L. Allen, the ſame who is meant by Traulus. D. S.
† A Dublin Garretteer.

That

That Scribbler laſh, who neither knows
The turn of verſe, nor ſtyle of proſe;
Whoſe malice, for the worſt* of ends,
Would have us loſe our Engliſh friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove ſend this Nightingale may fall,
Who ſpends his day and *Night in gall!*
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I ſee the greateſt owls in you
That ever ſcreecht, or ever *flew*.

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

YE paltry underlings of ſtate;
Ye ſenators, who love to prate;
Ye raſcals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner ſell a vote;
Ye pack of penſionary peers,
Whoſe fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye biſhops far remov'd from ſaints;
Why all this rage? Why theſe complaints?
Why againſt printers all this noiſe?
This ſummoning of blackguard boys?
Why ſo ſagacious in your gueſſes?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *eſſes*?

* See a new ſong on a ſeditious pamphlet, vol. XLII, p. 200.

Take

Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe Champagne at Court,
And chuſe to dine at home with Port:
Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatiric Muſe
Virtue or Innocence abuſe;
And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE*.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich Divine* began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, "She would not be ſeen:"

* The date and hero of this poem are unknown. N.

The

The Graces next, and all the Muſes,
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The Bridegroom, dreſt to make a figure,
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſh'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus ſet out this happy pair,
The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair:
But, what I gladly would forget,
The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart,
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.

While

While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at her glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty 's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make!
Wiſh'd him a colonel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crows-feet round his eyes.
At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-buſineſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her evening-work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace:
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,

Computes,

Computes, that half a pariſh dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.
Canſt thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more.
If in her coach ſhe 'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his nose,
His odious gown would ſoil her cloaths;
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While ſhe drives on to ſee the play.
He, like an orderly Divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her haſting to the ball:
Her chairmen puſh him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up ſtairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his reſt
In bed, where he can ſpare her beſt.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyſhip is juſt come in;
The maſquerade began at two,
She ſtole away with much ado;
And ſhall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company ſo ſoon:
She 'll ſay, and ſhe may truly ſay 't,
She can't abide to ſtay out late.

But

But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt;
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.
Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his Reverence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' ſpring,
The *horned* flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The Nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?

The

The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.
Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſick, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Creſs-bath ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery,
Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expoſe,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The Dean, with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate.
The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in ſwarms.

Oh,

Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English Dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes. F.

III. The

III.

The Dean he purſued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him, his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles ſound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who 'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye:
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor)
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's* ſhape,
For *ſodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore-and-ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were ſo willing:
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

* A biſhop of Waterford, of infamous character. N.

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their voice,
No Devil or Dean could raviſh them then:
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant hearts ſhould be glad:
She ſends us our Biſhops, and Judges, and Deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had.
But, lord! how the rabble will ſtare, and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE threſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb ſays, *no fence againſt a flail.*
From *threſhing* corn he turns to *threſh* his brains;
For which her Majeſty allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confeſt, that thoſe who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a *ſtraw!*
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threſhing *ſtubble!*
Thy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty Cælia ſpent in dreſſing;
The Goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiſſues.
Strephon who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.

And, firſt, a dirty ſmock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well beſmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every ſide:
In ſuch a caſe, few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd-up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;
A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:

Here

Here alum-flower, to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſavory ſtreams;
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chops.
Hard-by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands:
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With dirt, and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;

Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying-glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on 't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Cælia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephen ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin*:
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew,

He

He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent:
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of *hope*.
Oh! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber ſeen!
Oh! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *ſecrets of the hoary deep!* *
As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
Which though with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Poiſoning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking cheſt,
Send up an excremental ſmell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round every room.

* Milton. † Prima virorum.

Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!"
But Vengeance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſavory odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira 's but ſome pocky quean.

When Cælia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout;
He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

IF neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſſening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows; why ſhould I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teaſings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council-door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench,
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb-wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What ſhall I adviſe?
Ev'n quit the HOUSE, for thou too long haſt ſat in 't;
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half;
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;

Till,

Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not ſeen a hare the lord knows when).
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled;
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt!
Sirius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear:
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare purſued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can yo go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long*.

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath. H.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH
ON
FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG*.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpè orando nil profecèrè;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
† Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
deliteſcunt.
" Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
" Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos."
A. D. 1731.

* The duke was unhappily killed, in croſſing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour, at their own expence.

† The words that Dr. Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were "Saltem ut ſciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres deliteſcunt."

CASSINUS

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

TWO college ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t' other Peter);
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe:
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to dearn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown
(A rug; for night-gown he had none).
His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpew or ſpit in;
His ancient pipe, in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd, lay by his ſide.

Him

Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in every buſh:
And I have heard thee oft' ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt!
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her ſandy locks!
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.
Oh, Peter! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.

Nor

Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeems ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For every nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime that ſhocks all human-kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face!
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after-times:
" Here Caſſy lies, by Cælia ſlain,
" And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.

I come,

I come, I come, Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
" *Avaunt—ye cannot ſay 'tis I."
Dear Caſſy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendſhip's ſacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.
To force it out, my heart muſt rend:
Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend—
Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes, beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
But when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin ſoul bemoan
A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
The blackeſt of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſtening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs' treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Diſcover Cælia's foul diſgrace.

* See Macbeth.

But, if you fail, my ſpectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you:
So take my ſecret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bower;
Then ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by:
Her eye-brows, from a mouſe's hide,
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em:
Now dextrouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws:

Untwiſt-

Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes:
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips.
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her shankres, issues, running sores,
Effects of many a sad disaster;
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon 't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps:
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,

Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And Shock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Muſt every morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By Nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
You 'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and ſoft as wax,

Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe ingroſſes every ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian Goddeſs brings
Her infant-loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their ſquire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue;
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.

Behold,

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, his feet,
Were duly waſh'd, to keep them ſweet
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs).
The weather and his love were hot;
And, ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He 'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it;
While ſhe, a goddeſs d'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain,

And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet, if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit, and to court them too:
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now *ponder well, ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer,

And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it every ſup:
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans.)
Oh! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic:
And Love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.

Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a different reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
Say, Fair-ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe;
Think what can give the colic eaſe.
The nymph, oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed;
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
Strephon, who heard the ſuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,

Cry'd

Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what ſound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Cloe, ——?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft' attends that luke-warm ſtream;
(Salerno both together joins,
As ſovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe;
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon, with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t' other ſide;
And, as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.

The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to raviſhing delights,
High raptures, and romantic ſlights;
To goddeſſes ſo heavenly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bowers,
Dreſs'd up with amaranthine flowers.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraints are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need*.

On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life*;
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Finds great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homelieſt ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With intereſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celeſtial maid!
Deſcend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's fire;
For Beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you fall yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,

Had

Had you but through a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings;
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy;
And, ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide.

Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
It after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

What

What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double-meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool;
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils:
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder ſhould foreca ſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground,
To build on ſome foundation ſound.

What

What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then, come old-age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR,

A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymiſts by their books:
As handſome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.

His

His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of heaven could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold:
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more!)
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.
Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt:*
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such ſingers are like Nicolini.
At laſt, the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

1731.

ALL folks who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there 's a HELL, but diſpute of the place:
But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I 'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *criticks*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends* and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the *nation*;
And into the bargain I 'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home!*

JUDAS

JUDAS. 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies,
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore
(And, parſons tell us, no man could do more);
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
As ancient Judas *by tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place;
"His habitation let all men forſake,
"And let his biſhoprick another take!"

AN

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY*. 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses' train,
To serve a tasteless Court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our *female friend*† sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the Court no better place to chuse
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-strings her infant-steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:

* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensbury had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake), wrote this Epistle to his Friend.

† The Countess of Suffolk. N.

Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With Pæan's pureſt fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And firſt: to make my obſervation right,
I place a *ſtateſman* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer,
With ſhameleſs viſage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And oſtrich-like his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me ſhew how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.

The

The people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
And, curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the King.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With *ſervants*, *tenants*, and the neighbouring *ſquires*.
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway;
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd*;
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong*.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid:*
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immenſe,*
Preſume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With intereſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the *ſteward* come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treaſurer! what could *he* do more?
He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.
The law ſo ſtrictly guards the Monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.

But the *ſtate empiric* acts a ſafer part;
And, while he *poiſons*, *wins* the royal heart.
But how can I deſcribe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſineſs to ſome neighbouring friend:
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride:
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well*;
Or *ſwear it rotten, and with humble airs*
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs:
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind:
That rogue, of *genuine miniſterial* kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich;
And, when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.

And

And, ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpight;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate*.

Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon*.
A knave, who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*;
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my Lord 's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſperate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*;
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *ſtill repairs*.

So robbers (and their ends are juſt the ſame),
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame.*
I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And, ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
But, when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, *'tis all his own.*

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS*.

1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly deſcribe
A biſhop, who rul'd all the reſt of his tribe:
And who is this biſhop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, arch-biſhop of hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of ſulphur and nitre.
How nearly this biſhop our biſhops reſembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you ſee his grim *grace,* for a pound to a penny,
You 'd ſwear it muſt be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the compariſon odious;
I wiſh I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am ſure, the *moſt reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many biſhops ſuffragan;
And all men believe he reſides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an inviſible jog.

Our biſhops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain—for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

* Occaſioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Iriſh houſe of commons.

Though they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find
'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,
In ſpight of the devil, would ſtill be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings.
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt!
Now hear an alluſion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The biſhops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our biſhops would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a ſovereign,
As Machiavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern*.
But courage, my lords; though it cannot be ſaid
That one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head;
I 'll hold you a groat (and I wiſh I could ſee 't),
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhew *cloven feet*.

But

But hold, cry the biſhops; and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affections could ever be ſhown,
Than ſaving your ſouls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you ſpittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.

Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons, for *biting the biters*.

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